

...THIS IS THE NIGHT OF THE SLITHERING DEAD...

ADVERT



TM

THIS IS THE
ISSUE OF
THE
SLITHER-SLIME
MAN

PSYCHO

600

A SKYWALK HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION

NO 4

NOVEMBER 1982

...the creep
who slithers,
half-dead,
half-buried
...into
graves he
doesn't own...
to defile
bodies he
doesn't know...

...his filthy,
age-matted
fingers grab the
earth...tear at
the coffins
underneath...
rip up a
crumbling skull
and horribly
display it for
you...

...LET HIM SLIDE
INTO YOUR

**HORROR-
MOOD!**



Psycho

NUMBER 9
NOVEMBER 1972

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BOITZ

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AND ZESAR

...LURKING ABOUT IN THE MACABRE MIRE OF THIS ISSUE, NINE
NOXIOUS NURSERY FABLES DRAWL ABOUT ASKING YOUR ATTENTIONS.

ON 4...OUR COVER STORY...*THE SLITHER-SLIME MAN*...THIS
IS UNDOUBTEDLY THE BRAIN-CHOKER OF PHASE ONE LAUNCHED
HEREIN TO ASTONISH YOUR EMOTIONAL HORROR-MOOD...

ON 12...IN THE *GHASTLY REUNION* TWO LOVERS AREN'T
SATISFIED WITH THEIR ANKWARD FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS...

ON 18 AND 19...OUR *LETTERS PAGES*...HERE CAUSTIC
COMMENTS FROM NOW BEGIN TO DEFINE THE HORROR-MOOD...

ON 20...*SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN* MIGHT MAKE YOU
WONDER IF THE ENOCHIST ISN'T FRAUGHT WITH REALITY AFTER ALL.

ON 28...THE STORY BEHIND THE SCENES AT ONE OF THE WORLD'S
FINEST MOVIE STUDIOS...SCREAM SCREEN LEERINGLY LOOKS AT
HAMMER HORROR'S *GHOULS OF THE CINEMA*...

ON 32...*A PLOT OF DIRT*...WOULD HE KID YOU? OF CORPSE
WE WOULD.

ON 43...*A QUESTION OF IDENTITY*...IS A QUESTION SET WITH
OVERTONES OF BIZARRE BONE-EATING LUNACY.

ON 52...MEET MESSRS. *FRAUD AND FRAUD*...FRONTRUNNERS IN
THE MONEY-GRUBBING CITY KNOWN AS THE *GRAVEYARD
JUNGLE*...

ON 61...A CLASSIC EXPLORATION INTO *ALL THE WAYS AND
MEANS TO DIE*...

AND ON THE INSIDE BACK COVER...*FROGS*...

AND ON THE OUTSIDE...*UNDEFINED ABOMINATIONS*...

...SO NOW THAT YOU KNOW WHAT'S INSIDE FOR YOU...WHY WAIT
HERE?...MOVE ON TO THE *SLITHER-SLIME MAN*...WAITING TO
CLEANSE US ALL FROM AN AWFUL PAST...ANYWHAT & WAY
TO **DO IT!!!**



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Y'ALL MOVE ON IN
A LITTLE CLOSER...
CREEP INTO THE
PAGE JUST LIKE
IT SLITHERS
OUT AT YEW.

C'MON AN'
SLITHER AN'
CREEP...

...SLIDE A LITTLE.
AH M' HERE TO **CLEANSE**
THIS BRAVEYARD L'AK
YOU'LL FIND OUT A
BIT LATER WHEN
Y'ALL READ'
BOUT ME...

...RIGHT NOW I AIN'T DOIN'
NO **CLEANSEIN'**. JUST SLITHERIN'
'N SLIDIN' INTO YEVR MINDS IN
THIS MAD, GROTESQUE JAUNT
INTO THE **HORROR-MOOD**..
THAT WEIRD EMOTIONAL
FEAR FLAUNT CHURNIN'
'BOUT IN YEVR INNARDS..
IMPLODIN' L'AK A HORROR-
BOMB IN YEVR **BRAIN**...

...YEH...YUH..
THIS IS THE **PSYCHO**
NUMBER WHERE **THINGS**
START TO HAPPEN
UNCOUNTED FOR... WHERE
PEOPLE BEGINN' TO
WONDER JUST WHUT
GOIN' ON...

...AH TELL YEW... IT'S NO
SECRET. IT'S THE **MOOD-
TEAM** PUTTIN' IT ALL TO-
GETHER. INNA WEIRD PACKAGE
THAT GONNA BEND YEVR
PRIMAL SPINAL...

...YEH...YUH..
WELCOME TO 3 COUGH 3 COUGH
PHASE 3 COUGH ONE OF THE
ULTIMATE 3 COUGH
EMOTIONAL-IMPLOSIONAL

HORROR-MOOD

FOR IT ALL REALLY STARTS
IN **THIS PSYCHO**

3 COUGH 3 COUGH

...THE GROUND IS ALWAYS DAMP HERE
 ALWAYS WET, ALWAYS MUGGY, ALWAYS DISGUSTING.
 FILTHY FEET PLOD DEEP INTO THE MUCK THIS NIGHT -- FEET
 FETID AND ANCIENT -- FEET FOLLOWING PREVIOUS TRACKS MADE
 ON PREVIOUS NIGHTS -- FEET COLLAPSING AND RISING IN THE MUD --
 FEET BELONGING TO A STALKING, DEPRAVED MANIAC...

FILTHY HANDS GRAB AT THE GROUND... RIP AT THE MUD...
 TEAR AT THE EARTH... GOUGE THE SPLINTERS OF THE
 COFFIN UNDERNEATH WITH RIPPED FINGERS TOO OLD
 TOO WRETCHED TO BLEED...



GRAY AGE-WATTED FINGERS POKE AT THE BONES...
 FONDLE THE CORPSE... MANEUVER THE CRUMBLING
 FLESH NOW WALLOWING IN DRIPPING, SIPPING
 DIRT... SLIDING INTO THIS TRENCH FROM ABOVE...
 MANEUVER IT TILL THE HEAD IS SUPPORTED BY
 BOTH HANDS...



THEN THE
 FINGERS SQUEEZE
 AND PLUNGE INTO THE
 DEAD VEINS AND RIP AT
 THE NECK MUSCLES AND
 TEAR AT THE LIFELESS
 SHREDS OF BONE TILL
 THEY HOPELESSLY FALL APART
 ... NO LONGER WISHING TO ENDURE...
 ... NO LONGER WANTING TO FIGHT...
 ... NO LONGER WILLING TO SLURP
 AT THE CLUTCH OF THE CRUEL, LUSTING EVIL
 FINGERS OF...

the SLITHER-SLIME man



...THE THING, THE MAN-THING...
 ...THE **AWKWARD**
SLITHER-SLIME THING...
 ...WHO NOW HOLDS
 THE DECAPITATED SKULL
 IN THOSE LUNATIC GRAY
 FINGERS AND CHANTS
 DISGUSTINGLY
 IN A MOANING
 SOUTHERN DRAWL...

ALL
 DONE...

ALL
 FINISHED
 FOR THE
 NIGHT...

CLEANSED THIS HERE
 GRAVEYARD THIS NIGHT...
 AIN'T NO GHOULS OR
 VAMPIRES OR WARLOCKS
 SONNA RISE FROM
 THIS GRAVEYARD
 ON THIS NIGHT

I
 EREN TO
 THAT

...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...

...THE FOLLOWING MORNING IT WAS WEDNESDAY AND STILL WET--STILL RAINING AND THE MEN FITTED A NEW TOP ON THE SPLINTERED COFFIN AND THREW NEW MUCK IN THE UNHALLOWED GRAVE...

...THIS CAN'T GO ON SHERIFF...

...NO IT CAN'T...

...AH DON'T CARE WHAT THAT FREAK-KEEPER NEXT DOOR IN THE ASYLUM SAYS...

...IT'S GOTTA BE ONE--A HS CREEPS GITTIN' OUT AT NIGHT...

SHERIFF WASHT TO SEE YOU SIR!

GOOD 'TUH SEE YOU WASHT--HOW'S THE WIFE AN' KIDS?

NEVER MIND THE GUFF FILLIUS...

...AH FIGURE YOU GOTTA CREEP IS GETTIN' OUTTA HERE AT NIGHT SOMEHOW GOES INTO THE GRAVEYARD RIPS UP BODIES AN' DOES SOMETHIN' TO 'EM...

WE TALKED THIS OVER ONCE 'FORE WASHT...

...I SHOWED YOU THE INMATES--YOU GAVE 'EM A CLEAN BILL OF HEALTH...

A NEVER SAID NOTHIN' LIKE THAT FILLIUS...

AH SMO AH DON'T HAVE NO PROOF. THIS TIME I'M GONNA GIT IT...

SHOW ME THE CREEPS AGAIN... THE MAYOR'S WANTIN' IN THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE... WANTS TO GIVE 'EM A LOOK OVER H'SELF.

SO THAT'S WHY YO'R WORKIN' 'EM WASHT? YOU GOT THE MAYOR ON YER BACK... AH FIGURED IT HADDA BE SOMETHIN' LIKE THET TO GIT YOU OFFA YO'R FAT BEHIND...

LO MAYOR JUGGINS... AH DON'T THINK YOU'LL FIND WHO YER LOOKIN' FER IN HERE

YOU LET ME JUDGE THET...

...JUST SHOW THE WAY FILLIUS...

...THAT MORNING WARDEN FILLIUS SHOWED MAYOR JUGGINS AND SHERIFF WASHT THROUGH THEIR COMMUNITY ASYLUM... SHOWED THEM THE COUNTY COLLECTION OF CREEPS, AND MISFITS... MOST OF WHOM BELONGS IN THIS PLACE--SOME OF WHOM DON'T--SOME WERE JUST PUT IN HERE TO SET THEM OUT OF THE WAY... RETARDS SOME OF THEM, OTHERS JUST TOO OLD AND SENILE TO COME WITH CLUMBY DAY-TO-DAY DRUDGERIES...

HEY FILLIUS... WHO'S THIS CREEP

NAME IS MASHKINS...

...GAVE N HELL A LONG TIME AGO... HIS BROTHER BRUNG HIM IN...

WHAT'S HE GOT THERE... WHAT'S HE FIDDLIN' WITH?

...JUST RATS...



WAS HT AND JUGGINS LOOK AT EACH OTHER HARD THAT MORNING... REMEMBERING THE HEADLESS CORPSES... REMEMBERING HOW THE DEFILER HAD REMOVED THE SKELETAL SKULLS...



...AMONG THE GRAVES THE RAIN STILL FALLS... THE AIR STILL SWELLS... THE FEET FALL AGAIN... RIPPING INTO THE MUD... THE HANDS ITCHING...

...GOTTA CLEANSE

...THE SLIMY HANDS SLITHER INTO THE MUCKY DIRT... DIGGING... SLITHERING AROUND SEARCHING THRU THE SPLINTERS AND THE FALLING MUD

...IF N' AH DON'T CLEANSE TONIGHT... MAH FELLAH MAN WILL REGRET IT.

...THEY GRIP THE NECK... TWIST... TEAR... TILL THE MUSCLES AND BONES BREAK AND THE SKULL COMES FREE...

...THE FIELDS AN' VAMPIRES'LL STALK THE COUNTRYSIDE UNLESS AH CLEANSE...

...THE EYES ARE NEARLY EMPTY... IN THEM THERE IS ONLY ULTIMATE DECADENCE...

GOTTA CLEANSE

...IN THE MORNING MAYOR JUGGINS AND SHERIFF WASHT STOOD IN THE MUD BESIDE THE DEPLETED TOMB... THE RAIN STILL FELL...

...I GUESS IT WASN'T THE LUNATIC HUH WASHT?

...AH GUESS NOT...

...AH GOT ME AN IDEA IN MAH HEAD WHO IT IS THO...

AH FIGURE IT EITHER GOTTA BE ONE OF 2 PEOPLE...

...ONLY 2 PEOPLE AH KNOW GOT ACCESS TO THIS PLACE AT NIGHT... AH FIGURE IT GOTTA BE ONE OF THEM... EITHER SCOTTA BE THE OLD GRAYWARD KEEPER... AH NEVER DID LIKE YH... CREEP EVER SINCE I COULD REMEMBER...

...OR FILLIUS... MIGHT BE FILLIUS Y' KNOW...

...I GONNA STAKE OUT FILLIUS' PLACE TONIGHT WITH THE DEPUTY... GONNA FIND OUT ONE WAY OR TH' OTHER...



...YOU REALLY FIGURE
IT MIGHT BE FILLIUS?
DUNNO WASHT HE
LOOKS KINDA
STRAIGHT TO ME...

...THAT'S WHY AH DON'T
LIKE 'IM... **TOO** STRAIGHT.
ALWAYS TALKIN' 'BOUT 'IS
WIFE AN KID... ALWAYS
ASKIN' AFTER 'MINE
NEVER GITS IN NO TROUBLE
NEVER POOLS 'ROUND
WITH OTHER WIMEN...
NOTHIN'...

...DON'T
TRUST
NOBODY LIKE
THET... NEVER
DID LIKE
FILLIUS...
NEVER **DID**...



...YOU SEE SOMETHIN'
MOVIN' OUT THERE WASHT?

...YEH... LOOK
LIKE FILLIUS
ALRIGHT...

...I SONNA
SWITCH ON
THE HOUSE
LIGHTS
ON HIM...



...DON'T TAKE NO SHIT WHEN
MOVES FILLIUS... AH'LL
BLOW YER HEAD OFF...

...WHAT THE HELL ARE
YOU DOIN' WASHT? AH'IN
ONLY TAKIN A WALK

JEST STAY
WHERE YEN ARE
FILLIUS... JEST
STAY RIGHT
WHERE
YEN ARE...



...WANNA GET
OUTTA THE
LIGHT WASHT

...AH SAID TO
STAY WHERE
YEN WERE
FILLIUS...

TWACK



GOD SHERIFF,
YOU HAVE TO
SHOOT HIM?

...YOU SAW
HIM MOVE
SUDDENLY...
I TOL' HIM
NOT TO
MOVE...

YEH...
YEH... BUT
AH DON'T FIGURE
HE WAS THE
GHOUL...

...AH NEVER
FIGURED
HE **WUS!**



BUT AH COULDN'T
TAKE ANY CHANCES
YOU SAW THET DIDNT
YOU? HE WAS ALWAYS
A CREEP ANYWAY...
FILLIUS WAS ALWAYS
A CREEP...



LOOK -- YOU TAKE THIS CREEP'S
CORPSE BACK INTO TOWN... GIT
IT OVER TO THE MORGUE...
NIGHT AINT OVER YET.

...AH'N GOIN'
OVER THE
GRAVEYARD.

WHUT FER
SHERIFF? YOU
THE GHOUL
3HEHE 3HEHE?

...SHUT
YER
FACE...

...AH'N JEST
DOIN' MAH JOB...

...THIS IS THE NIGHT
OF THE SLITHER-
SLIME MAN... THE
CREEP WHO
SLITHERS,
HALF-DEAD,
HALF-BURIED
INTO GRAVES
HE DOESN'T
OWN...
DESECRATES
BODIES
HE DOESN'T
KNOW...

...THE NIGHT OF THE SLITHER-
SLIME MAN... HE WHO IS A
CREATURE OF HABIT WHO'S
MOMENTS OF BEING ARE
A PERPETUAL EXERCISE
IN REDUNDANCY...

HEY
CREEP
CAUGHT
YA...

... WASHT...

CAUGHT
YA HUH
CREEP?

I WUSN'T DOIN'
NOTHIN' WASHT...
JEST FOOKIN' UP MY WIFE'S
GRAVE IS ALL... JEST
TRYIN' TO KEEP THE
MUD OFF...

...YEH SURE
CREEP
HEH HEH.

KEEP AWAY
FROM ME WASHT.
I AIN'T GONNA TAKE
NONE OF YO'R BULLY
TACTICS TONIGHT.

I SAID TO STAY
WHERE YEW
WERE CREEP.

LIKE HELL...
I'M BITTIN'
OUTTA HERE
WASHT... I DON'T
TRUST YEW...

...JEST STAY
WHERE YEW
ARE CREEP...
STAY RIGHT
THERE...

HEH HEH

...UNNNH

I DUNNO HOW
A CREEP LIKE
YEW GOT A JOB
LIKE THIS... NICE
CLEAN CHRISTIAN
GRAVEYARD...
YEW AIN'T AT
FER IT CREEP.

GUESS I
OFF WASHT.
MY HEART...
I GOTTA
WEAK
HEART...

I...USH...
MY
FOOT...

...FEEL THE SLITHERING-SLIMY HAND ON
YOUR FOOT WASHT... FEEL IT CREEPING
UP YOUR LEG...
...YOU MADE THE MISTAKE OF STANDING
ON THE *WRONG* GRAVE...

OH GOD...

...YOU FEELIN' IT CREEPIN'
UP YOUR LEG WASHT?
YOU FEELIN' IT CLIMB...
CLIMBING UP... CLUTCHING
AT YOUR KNEE...
BREATHING... BREAKING
THE BONES SO THAT
YOU FALL...

...NOW YOU
SEE HIM COMING
UP FROM UNDER NEATH
YOU... YOU WERE
STANDING ON HIS
GRAVE WASHT...
STANDING ON THE
MAN'S GRAVE...

YOU FEEL THE SLIMY
FINGERS SLITHERING
UP YOUR CHEST
WASHT? YOU FEEL
THEM TWISTING AND
WARNING WHAT'S TO
COME? YOU FEEL
THEM WASHT? THEY'RE
COMING NEAR YOUR
THROAT...

OH
GOD...

... GOTTA CLEANSE THE WORLD
FER MAH FELLAH MAN...

YOU FEEL THE FINGERS
CLOSING ROUND YOUR
THROAT... YOU FEEL THEM?
YOU FEEL PAIN NOW...
NOT JUST FEAR... AS THEY
PULL AND TEAR AT YOUR
THROAT... YOU FEEL THE
MUDDY, SLIMY, CLAMMY
FINGERS OF THE SLITHER-
SLIME MAN RIPPING YOUR
THROAT MUSCLES...

...NO... NO YOU DON'T FEEL
THEM ANYMORE WASHT... YOU
DON'T FEEL ANYTHING
ANYMORE...

GOTTA CLEANSE
THE GRAVEYARD...

...THE SLITHER-SLIME THING STANDS TALL LIKE A MAN...
CLUTCHING IN HIS GRAY AGE-MATTED FINGERS THE SKULL
WHICH DRIPS BLOOD...

...THE BLOOD MINGLES WITH THE RAIN... AND MAKES MORE MUD...



#1...\$2



#2...\$2



#3...\$1.50



#8...\$1



#9...\$1



\$ 1.25

ON SALE
SEPT. 28NIGHTMARE
#11ON SALE
NOV. 30

...INSIDE *PSYCHO* AND *NIGHTMARE* THERE LURKS A MAD-EMOTIONAL THING THAT GRABS HOLD OF YOUR **ALMIGHTY ANONYMOUS ALL** AND **TWISTS IT...** **BENDS IT...** POSSESSES YOUR **BRAIN...** BUT...YOU ALREADY **KNOW** THAT DON'T YOU?...THE PEN **SHAKES** IN YOUR HAND...YOUR MIND **TREMLES** ... BUT YOU HAVE TO DO IT **NOW...** MAKE THAT ORDER **NOW...** BECAUSE TOMORROW YOU MAY BE **TOO LATE...** AND YOU WILL SIMPLY SHUDDER AND COLLAPSE INTO **CHAOS...** FOR **WHO** ON THIS GROTESQUE GREEN EARTH CAN **LIVE** WITHOUT THESE:

MIND IMPLoding BACK-ISSUES



#2...\$2



#3...\$1.50



#4...\$1.25



#8...\$1



\$ 1.25

ON SALE
AUG 31PSYCHO
10ON SALE
OCT 26PSYCHO
11ON SALE
DEC 28

ON ALL ORDERS PLEASE INCLUDE 35¢
TOTAL POSTAGE AND HANDLING

NIGHTMARE 10 20 30 80 90 ANNUAL ☐

PSYCHO 20 30 40 80 ANNUAL ☐

ENCLOSED: \$

NAME

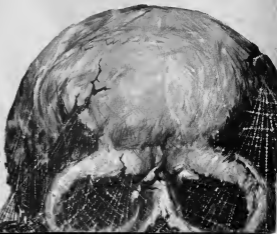
ADDRESS

CITY AND STATE

ZIP

WE
MAKE YOU **FAIR WARNING**
CHRONICLE COLLECTOR, THESE FAR-FETCHED
FREAK FRAUGHT FANTASIES ARE SELLING
OUT **FAST...** KEEP YOUR COLLECTION **COMPLETE...**
SEND IN YOUR CRUMBLING CASH **NOW TO:**

SKYWALD BACK-ISSUES RM. 1501
18 EAST 41 ST. NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017



THE FIRST NIGHT BROUGHT
DISSENSION WITHIN THE SMALL
FAMILIAL RANKS...

I DON'T
CARE WHAT YOU
SAY--Havin' him
here at night
intrudes on my
privacy! I don't
like it, Bonnie--
you shouldn't
have hired him.
Without
askin' me
first!

BUT WE NEED HELP
TO RUN THIS FARM, GENE--
BESIDES, I FELT SORRY FOR HIM...
HE SAYS NOT EVEN HIS DAD
JOB IS ENOUGH TO PULL HIM OUT
OF DEBT, AND HE WORKS
CHEAPLY--FOR MUCH LESS
THAN ANY DAY HELP, IF DAY
HELP WAS ANYWHERE
TO BE FOUND.

AND THE FIFTH NIGHT BROUGHT A
FEATHERED SHARP OF DOOM INTO THE
HEART OF ONE STEVEN, NO SURNAME
KNOWN, ITINERANT WORKER, AND LATE
WOOD-CHOPPER AMONG OTHER
VARIEGATED FUNCTIONS...

HERE YOU GO,
LOVER-BOY STEVEN, SEE
HOW YOU CAN HUG THIS
ARROW TO YOUR MANLY
CHEST, HUMPH--SHOULD'VE
LET YOU FINISH CHOPPING
THAT TREE FOR ME...

THE SECOND NIGHT BROUGHT A FLARING
OF VOLATILE TEMPER, HARSH WORDS,
AND A RIFT IN A MARRIAGE ALREADY
DESTINED TO BE TORN APART...

THERE'S SOMETHIN' WRONG WITH
HIM--I CAN SENSE IT! HARDLY EVER
SAYS TWO WORDS TO ANYBODY, NEVER
SMILES, WORKS LIKE A DEMON FOR
CHICKEN SCRATCH, NEVER TAKES A
BREAK...AND BY THE WAY, HOW
YOU GET ON FIRST--NAME TERIE?
WITH HIM SO QUICK?

STOP IT, GENE! YOU'RE
BEING A FOOL--STEVEN
MIGHT HEAR YOU! WHY CAN'T YOU
RELAX, JUST LET THINGS BE? WHAT'S
WRONG WITH BEING FRIENDLY TO
HIM? I JUST WANT US TO BE
ONE BIG HAPPY FAMILY--WE AIN'T
GOT ANY FRIENDS WAY OUT
HERE...

TWEWH!

THE THIRD NIGHT BROUGHT
A DECISION, A CATHARSIS IN
REVERIE, AND THE SEEDS
OF A NEW ACQUAINTANCE...

CAN'T EVEN RELAX
IN MY OWN HOME WITH
ALL THAT HAMMERING--
WELL, IF HE CAN WORK AT
NIGHT, I CAN REST AT
NIGHT... ONLY WAY I'LL
GET ANY PEACE AROUND
HERE ANYWAY!

THE FOURTH NIGHT BROUGHT MORE
HUNTING, A CLANDESTINE RENDEZVOUS,
WATCHING EYES FROM THE DARKNESS
PINPOINTING UNEXPECTED GUINNY,
AND FURY IN THE FACE OF BETRAYAL...

SO SHE HIRED HIM BECAUSE
HE WORKED CHEAP... huh,
WHAT SHE REALLY MEANT WAS
CHEAT! FIGURED AS MUCH,
FROM A LITTLE WITCH LIKE
HER! WELL TONIGHT'S THE
LAST TIME SHE'LL SLODDER
HER UP! ALL OVER
LOVER-BOY STEVEN...

IF THAT'S
YOUR WHOP, BENE,
FOLLOW IT. HOPE YOU
MANAGE TO SASS
SOMETHING BIG...

WOK
WOK
WAK
WAK

THUFT!

THE WHICKERING BOLT SIZZLES ACROSS THE CLEARING,
AND PLUNGES INTO THE SHOCKED WOOD-CUTTER'S CHEST.
LIKE A MARIONETTE ON A STARTLED PUPPETEER'S STRING, HE
JERKS BACK WITH THE ABRUPT IMPACT, AND CRUMPLES TO
THE LEAVE-STREWN GROUND, HIS SHIRT A CRIMSON RUIN.
THIS IS THE STAGE SET FOR SORDID OCCURRENCES WHICH
ULTIMATELY CULMINATE IN A...

Ghostly Reunion

TRIUMPHANTLY, HIS HONOR BLOODY EXONERATED, THE HUNTER EMERGES FROM CONCEALMENT TO INSPECT HIS SUNKY. THE GRAY SIGHT GIVES HIM MOMENTARY PAUSE-- HE HAS BEEN DEATH OFTEN, BUT THIS DEATH IS INDEFINABLY DIFFERENT... PERHAPS A MAN CONTAINS MORE BLOOD THAN DEER OR RABBITS, AND THE PUMPING GORE IS DECIDEDLY DISCOMFORTING... BUT THEN, THE HUNTER'S IMPERVIOUS NATURE RETURNS...



HA! YOU SURE GOT A LOT OF BLOOD IN YOU, LOVER-BOY-- MUST'VE SUNK THAT ARROW RIGHT IN YOUR HEART! NICE OF YOU TO BRING THE TOOLS WITH YOU-- SAVES ME THE TROUBLE OF GETTING THEM...

THE EARTH IS HARD, AND THE SHOVEL BLUNT, BUT WITH MUCH GRUNTING AND SWEATING, CURSING AND PANTING, FINALLY THE GRAVE IS...

ALMOST FINISHED, LOVER-BOY! YOU HEAR ME?-- I SAID YOUR NEW HOME IS ALMOST FINISHED. HAS! YOU NEVER WERE A TALKATIVE ONE, WERE YOU?... PREFERRED TO USE YOUR MOUTH FOR OTHER THINGS...



THEN, WITH A SUFFICIENT AMOUNT OF THE HEAVY EARTH DISPLACED, THE HUNGERFUL HUSBAND AND HUNTER DRAGS HIS LIMP TROPHY TOWARD THE YAWNING GRAVE...



STRUGGLING WITH THE CLUMBERSOME BURDEN, THE NOBLE HUNTER EVENTUALLY SUCCEEDS IN HEAVING THE CORPSE INTO THE GLOFFY PIT... ARMS AND LEGS SPRAWL LIFELESSLY AND SETTLE IN CONFORMATION TO THE GRAVE'S NASTY CONTOURS...



GOOD NIGHT, LOVER-BOY! SLEEP TIGHT AND DON'T LET THE BED BUGS-- OR GRUBS! I SAY MAGGOTS AND EARTHWORMS? -- BITE!



AND UNDER YOU GO! NOT A BAD NIGHT'S WORK, IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF!





GENE-- WHAT KIND OF HUNTING CAN YOU DO **TWO** LATE? HAVE YOU SEEN STEVEN? HE WAS TO CUT DOWN THOSE THREE TREES ABOUT A MILE DOWN THE SOUTH ACREAGE-- TO CLEAR FOR THAT FENCE YOU WANTED TO PUT UP...HE SHOULD'VE BEEN BACK BY NOW...

WILL YOU STOP WORRYING ABOUT HIM? I PROBABLY HELL ASLEEP!

BUT THE NEXT NIGHT...



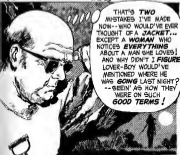
CHOFF CHOFF...WHY'N'T YOU EATIN'?...CHOFF CHOFF...WHY'N'T MATTER...CHOFF...CAN'T STOMACH YOUR OWN...CHOFF...COOKIN'?

STEVEN'S LATE FOR WORK...YOU KNOW HE'S NEVER LATE--AND HE NEVER EVEN CAME BACK TO PICK UP HIS JACKET LAST NIGHT. I'M AFRAID SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO HIM...



JACKET--?

YES, HIS JACKET WAS STILL HANGING IN THE BARN THIS MORNING-- HE'D NEVER FORGET IT. I'M GOING TO LOOK FOR HIM-- HE MIGHT HAVE HURT HIMSELF CUTTING THOSE TREES LAST NIGHT...



THAT'S TWO MISTAKES I'VE MADE NOW-- WHO WOULD'VE EVER THOUGHT OF A JACKET... EXCEPT A WOMAN WHO NOTICES **EVERYTHING** ABOUT A MAN SHE LOVES! AND WHY DIDN'T I FIGURE LOVER-BOY WOULD'VE MENTIONED WHERE HE WAS GOING LAST NIGHT? --BEEN! AS HOW THEY WERE ON SUCH **GOOD TERMS!**



NOW SHE KNOWS FROM HIS ABANDONED JACKET THAT HE DIDN'T JUST UP AND LEAVE--AND FROM WHAT HE TOLD HER, SHE KNOWS THE LAST PLACE HE WAS DEFINITELY LOCATED...AND NOW I'VE GOTTA **FOLLOW HER**-- PREVENT HER FROM GOIN' TO THE **POLICE** IF SHE FINDS LOVER-BOY'S GRAVE...



STEVEN? STEVEN? STEEVEN! STEE--UHH!

BLAST IT! NOW SHE CAN'T MISS THE GRAVE-- AND I LEFT THE LOUSY SHOVEL RIGHT OUT IN PLAIN VIEW-- AND REACH!

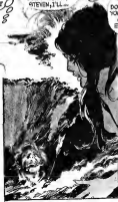
OH, STEVEN, STEVEN, HE MUST HAVE FOUND OUT ABOUT US-- KILLED YOU-- BURIED YOU! BUT DON'T WORRY, MY DARLING-- I'M COMING-- I'LL REACH YOU-- I'LL GET YOU OUT!

SHE'S FLIPPED -- HOW COULD SHE BE SO CRAZY OVER A GUY THAT SHE'D FLIP HER LID AT HIS DEATH...? WELL, MIGHT AS WELL LET HER FIMB IN DIGGING HIM UP-- GAVE ME THE WORK.

STEVEN-- I WAS RIGHT -- HE KILLED YOU... BURIED YOU... BUT DON'T WORRY, STEVEN, I'LL...

YOU'LL DO NOTHING, YOU LITTLE CHEAT, RACEP...

... JOIN YOUR LITTLE LOVER-BOY IN HIS DIRTY CRIB!



NO! GENE-- DON'T! I'M PINNED DOWN-- MY LEG'S STUCK! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING--!

I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING-- I'M ECONOMIZING ON GRAVE SPACE! THOUGHT THAT SHOVEL WHACK'D FINISH YOU, BUT SINCE IT DIDN'T...

...I'LL JUST HAVE TO BURY YOU ALIVE! COURSE, YOU WON'T STAY THAT WAY FOR LONG... DIRT DOESN'T GO DOWN THE LONGS TOO WELL...

IGNORING THE MUFFLED SQUEALS OF PAIN--WHICH STRUGGLE THROUGH THE MOUND OF PACKED EARTH, A VERY SATISFIED GENE SWOLEN SAUVTERS FROM THE CLEARING...

NOW MAYBE I CAN GET A LITTLE PEACE AND QUIET AROUND HERE--SHOULD'VE GOTTEN RID OF THAT LITTLE WELLYON LONG BEFORE ANY OF THIS EVEN HAPPENED!

GENE DECIDES TO TAKE HIS TIME, SAVOR THE MILE WALK TO HIS HOME... BUT EVEN SO HE IS FAR TOO DISTANT AND FACING THE WRONG WAY TO SEE THE GENTLE STIRRING BENEATH THE MUTE GRAVE, THE SLOW-MOTION ERIPTION OF EARTH, AND THE EXTRUSION OF A QUIVERING FEMININE HAND GRASPING A FEATHERED SHAFT OF DOOM...

...OR THE SUBSEQUENT AND FORCEFUL LUNGE OF ANOTHER HAND, ANOTHER HAND WHICH SURGES UPWARD IN A SPEWING HULL OF DIRT, AND A HAND WHICH IS MUCH TOO **MASCULINE** TO BE THE MATE TO THE FIRST HAND...

SUCH THOUGHTS WOULD BE ABSURD TO GENE, THE FARTHEST THINGS FROM HIS MIND, AS HE ENTERS THE WARM DARKNESS OF HIS HOME...

I'LL LEAVE THE DOOR OPEN FOR A WHILE-- GET SOME BREEZE... ALL THAT SHOVELING MADE ME SWEATY...

AH, BUT I WOULD LIKE TO SHUT THE DOOR-- THE DRAFT IS BAD FOR YOUR WIFE...

S-L-A-A-A-M-M-M!

WHAT THE--!!! NO! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE--!

AND YOU DIDN'T LIKE THE WAY STEVEN NEVER SMILED... **SMILE!** FOR MY HUSBAND, STEVEN--SHOW HIM YOUR STRONG WHITE **TEETH**. YOU WERE LUCKY YOU CHOSE TO HUNT WITH THE **BOW**, DARLING GENE--THE ARROW SERVED AS A PERFECT **WOODEN STAKE**...

...BUT YOUR FATAL MISTAKE WAS BURYING YOUR WIFE **ALIVE**... **FACING** ME... WHERE SHE COULD **WITHDRAW** YOUR ARROW STAKE AND RETURN ME TO **LIVING** DEATH... AND IN A POSITION WHERE I COULD ADMINISTER ONE FINAL **KISS** TO HER--THE ONE WHICH ENSURED HER OF AN EXISTENCE LIKE **MINE**...

...THAT WE ARRIVED HERE BEFORE YOU, MY DEAR HUSBAND? NOT SO-- YOU TOOK YOUR TIME... AND IT WAS ONLY A **HALF-MILE** AS THE CROW--OR **BAT**--FLIES. YOU LOOK SHOCKED--YOU ALWAYS WONDERED WHY STEVEN DIDN'T SPEAK TO YOU... HE WAS AFRAID HIS EUROPEAN ACCENT WOULD GIVE HIM AWAY, AND OF COURSE HE **HAD** TO WORK NIGHTS...

AND ALL I EVER WANTED, MY DEAR MURDERING HUSBAND, WAS FOR THE THREE OF US TO BE ONE BIG HAPPY FAMILY--WHICH WILL NOW COME TO **PASS**... WITH A **KISS** OF INITIATION.



THE MUCK OF MARSH AND SWAMP THAT SURROUNDS THIS COUNTRY CASTLE GUARDS AND UNNATURALLY HEAVENS AS HEAVY FEET MADE THROUGH ITS MUDDY FLOOR, CARRYING A MARCEL TREASURED AND PRIVATE... A PERSONAL BURDEN... ONESELF... FOR THE LAMB-TORN INNOCENT IS POSSESSED BY THE OTHER... SHE THAT CARRIES ITS OWN PRIVATE SOUL IN THE FORM OF ANOTHER... NEEDS TO REMAIN ON THIS SHALLOW EERIE PLAIN SOME SAD SATURDAY SPARKED POOL ONCE UPON A TIME NAMED EARTH-WORLD... THE CHILD IS NOW NEAR-MINDLESS IN HER OWN RIGHT... BUT HER NERVES AND TINY HEART STILL TWITCH WITH A MAD MEMORY OF THE WAY SHE ONCE WAS... BEFORE...

...THE TURN OF THE SCREW...

IN THE YEAR OF OUR CREATOR 1891 NOBELIST HENRY JAMES WROTE OF THE POSSESSION OF 2 INNOCENTS IN HIS HORROR MASTERPIECE... THE TURN OF THE SCREW... NOW, BY NILES GAYNE, THE DREAMS OF OTHER-LIFE CRY OUT AGAIN FOR THE FLESH OF THOSE-ALIVE... IN A PROUD UPDATING OF JAMES' CLASSIC RE-TITLED:



SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN...

...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...

THIS MONTH, THIS YEAR, THE NEW GOVERNESS
ARRIVED AT THE MANOR WITH A HEART AS
INNOCENT AS SHE EXPECTED THE CHILDREN'S
TO BE...

IMPRESSIVE!

THE ADVERTISEMENT
PLACED IN THE TIMES
PROMISED GOOD PAY AND
PLEASANT SURROUNDINGS...

BUT NOTHING TO INDICATE
SUCH A BEAUTIFUL HIDE-AWAY FROM
THE WORLD AS THIS!

FLORIAN AND
VILLIENNA

ARE
YOU THE NEW
GOVERNESS?

OOOH-- YOU
STARTLED ME!

YOU MUST BE FLORA...
ANY YES... I'M TO BE
YOUR NEW GOVERNESS!

IT'S BEEN
MONTHS SINCE I'VE
HAD A SCHOOL CLASS
OR HAD ANYONE TO
LOOK AFTER ME...

WELL -- I'LL BE
STARTING YOU OFF
RIGHT AWAY TO SEE
WHAT YOU KNOW...
AND WE'LL BECOME
GOOD FRIENDS I
KNOW...

...GOOD
HEAVENS...

WHO ON
EARTH IS THAT?
STANDING IN THE
MUD!

WHY --
THERE'S NO ONE
THERE!

DON'T BE
BILLY FLORA... OF COURSE
THERE IS THAT WOMAN...
DRESSED ALL IN BLACK...

THERE'S
NO ONE...

...COME TO THE
HOUSE NOW... MRS.
GROSE WILL BE
EXPECTING US!

...BUT
FLORA... THAT
WOMAN...

HOW'D YOU DO MUM... I'M
MRS. GROSE... HOUSEKEEPER
HERE AT THE MANOR...

...HOW WAS
YOUR TRIP?

WELL IT WAS FINE
BUT... BUT I WAS JUST
WALKING WITH FLORA AND
I SAW A WOMAN...
STANDING IN THE
MARSH AND...

A WOMAN?

MIGHT'VE BEEN ONE
OF THE OTHER SERVANTS
MUM... THERE ARE 5 OTHERS
ON STAFF

COME NOW AND GET
SETTLED-IN AFTER YOUR
TRIP...

THE NEXT MORNING THE MASTER OF THE MYSTERIOUS WOMAN HAVING SLIPPED HER MIND, THE GIRL GOES TO THE RAILWAY STATION TO MEET HER OTHER CHARGE...

...MASTER
MILES...

WELCOME
HOME...

AND
WHO ARE
YOU?

DESPITE THE GIRL'S INITIAL RUDDNESS THE THREE OF THEM GOT ALONG WELL... MILES QUICKLY PROVED HIMSELF TO BE CHARMING AND WELL-BEHAVED... AND LITTLE FLORA WAS THE BEST TEMPERED CHILD THE YOUNG GOVERNESS HAD EVER KNOWN...

WHY I'M YOUR NEW
GOVERNESS... ISN'T THAT
WHY YOU WERE SENT
HOME FROM SCHOOL?

I'VE BEEN
EXPELLED!

EXPELLED...
WHATEVER
FOR?

IT'S NOT THE
FIRST TIME... BUT AS
TO WHY... IF MY FATHER
COULDN'T SEE FIT TO TELL
YOU I DON'T SEE WHY
I SHOULD!

STILL... THERE WERE YET QUESTIONS...

THE CHILDREN ARE VERY SECRETIVE
MRS. GROGE... I DON'T SEEM TO BE ABLE
TO GET THROUGH TO THEM SOMETIMES...
AND MILES STILL WON'T TELL ME ABOUT HIS
SCHOOL... WHY HE WAS KICKED
OUT...

IT'S NOT SO
SURPRISING...

...YOU'LL HAVE TO
BE VERY KIND TO
THEM...

THEY'RE
EMOTIONALLY
DISTURBED...

...A FEW MONTHS
AGO THEIR OLDER BROTHER
WAS... WAS KILLED... THEY
WERE VERY CLOSE AND I
THINK HIS DEATH...

DISTURBED
THEM...

...JUST GIVE THEM
SOME TIME... THEY'LL COME
AROUND... SOON ENOUGH--
YOU'RE A GOOD AND KIND
WOMAN... THAT'S
EXACTLY WHAT THEY
NEED RIGHT NOW...

A LOT OF
KINDNESS... AND
SHE KNOWS-- A
LOT OF GOODNESS...

THEY PLAYED GAMES... FUN GAMES
LIKE HIDE AND SEEK...

NOW IT'S
YOUR TURN...

YES... NOW IT'S
YOUR TURN TO RUN
AND HIDE... HIDE VERY
WELL -- THIS IS A BIG
HOUSE BUT WE KNOW
EVERY ROOM
AND CRAWL...

ALRIGHT -- BUT THIS IS THE LAST GAME AND
THEN IT'S OFF TO BED FOR BOTH OF YOU.

THESE GAMES CAN
BE SO FRIGHTENING... THE INVENTIVENESS
OF THE CHILDREN IS ENDLESS...

MMMM... THE
ATTIC... NEVER USED.
AN EXCELLENT
HIDING PLACE!

FILLED WITH
JUNK AND...

...WHAT'S
THIS?

MY GOD... IT'S A
MINIATURE PORTRAIT
OF THE WOMAN I
SAW IN THE MUSEUM...
WITH A MAN... WHO
DIED?

THAT FACE
AT THE WINDOW...
HORRIBLE...

...BUT HOW IS IT POSSIBLE,
WE'RE THREE FLOORS UP!

SOMEHOW... WAIT A
MOMENT... THAT FACE... THE
SAME ONE IN THE PORTRAIT
WITH THE WOMAN...

I WANT TO
KNOW WHY, GROSS...
WHAT ARE YOU
HIDING FROM ME?

WHY HAVE THE CHILDREN
NEVER MENTIONED
THESE PEOPLE... WHO
ARE THEY? WHY HAVE
THEY NEVER MENTIONED
THEIR DEAD BROTHER...

...OR THEIR
FATHER?



YOU'D BEST BE
SEATED NOW...
...THIS STORY
IS A... **STRANGE**
ONE...



"THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE WAS VERY
ATTACHED TO THE BOY... GAVE YOUNG THOMAS
ALL HIS TIME... AND NEVER A MOMENT OF IT
TO FLORA OR MILES... THEY CAME TO RESSENT
IT... THEIR BROTHER AND THEIR FATHER..."

"...AND A FEW MONTHS AGO THEY CAUGHT THE
BROTHER THOMAS IN THE SNOW AND ICE COVERED
FRONT STEP OF THE MANOR AND...AND BRUTALLY
MURDERED HIM WITH KNIVES STOLEN FROM THE
KITCHEN..."



"OH... NOW
HORRIBLE..."

WELL...
NATURALLY THE FATHER
COVERED FOR THEM WITH THE POLICE... BUT WOULD
NEVER TO SPEAK TO THEM
AGAIN-- THEN RAN OFF
TO LONDON...

...BUT THE
MAN AND THE
WOMAN...

"PETER GUNT... THE MASTER'S WIFE... HIS
BUTLER... AND MISS JESSEL... THE
FORMER GOVERNESS... THE MOST EVIL
PAIR OF PEOPLE EVER TO WALK THE EARTH...
PURE BRED EVIL...... ALTHOUGH THEY
WEREN'T MARRIED THEY CAWOED ALL
OVER THE HOUSE AND GROUND... THE
PROBLEM WAS THAT SINCE THE FATHER
IGNORED FLORA AND MASTER MILES... THE
CHILDREN BECAME DEVOTED TO GUNT
AND JESSEL... AND FOLLOWED THEM
EVERYWHERE..."



"...NOT THAT THERE WAS ANYTHING
PARTICULARLY EVIL ABOUT THAT--
BUT GUNT AND JESSEL WERE
EVIL... GUNT WOULD DAILY THRESH
THE HELL OUT OF HIS WOMAN... TO
THE MACABRE DELIGHT OF THE
WATCHING CHILDREN..."



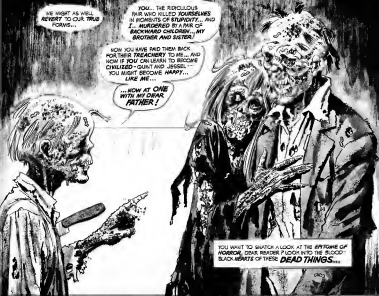
"BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM?"



"GUNT KILLED THE WOMAN IN A FIT OF
ANGER ONE NIGHT... THEN DID AWAY WITH
HIMSELF... THE CHILDREN... THE CHILDREN
FOUND HIS BODY HANGING IN THE
GARDEN SUEDE."







...the story behind the scenes at one of the world's finest horror studios...



SCREAM SCREEN features -HAMMER HORROR'S **GHOULS of the CINEMA!**

The fear film feasts on Freud, it's been suggested, borrowing from his mind things dead and unconscious... things that come from INSIDE... unknown, undetectable, unctuous abominations and twists of snarling brain and soul... then blows them up to 25-30 feet on a motion picture screen and tells us to LAUGH!

Not many laughed at the '56 - '57 HAMMER release of "THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN" a motion picture which thrust this small British movie company into the world limelight of horror, where it has been ever since... highly regarded... the co-ranking (with AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL) box-office commercial monster-maker of the 50's - 60's and 70's.

HAMMER have a trade mark in their films - it might be called GUT-HORROR, we think - it exploits traditional horror-fantasy in a style that gets in deep-to-the-core of the visual medium, feeding on corpses, curses, crabs, cadavers, cratons, creatures, creeps and certain kinds of crawlies! In fact and fantasy... this is what our feature is all about.





The movie going audiences of 1956 so quickly expressed their box-office appreciation to HAMMER that other films were immediately launched to follow the footsteps of *CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN*...

HAMMER President James Carreras has remarked: "... there are no pictures made anywhere in the world, with the exception of something like *GONE WITH THE WIND*, that have the type of financial return as do these horror films..."

Financing these color productions on a budget of about \$600,000 the company soon realize a guaranteed return of double their investment within a few weeks on the world market.

The directors of HAMMER horror follow the style and habits established by the company's most prolific man-behind-the-camera... *TERENCE FISHER*,... whose impressive portfolio includes: *THE TWO FACES OF DR. JEKYLL* and *THE EARTH DIES SCREAMING*. Directors include Silvio Narizzano for *FANATIC*, Joseph Losey for *THE DAMNED*, John Gilling for *THE PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES* and *THE REPTILE*, Don Sharp for *RASPUTIN* and Seth Holt for *TASTE OF FEAR*, whose direction of the academy award winner Bette Davis in *THE NANNY* changed a slow moving non-horror drama into one of the most explosive suspense-horror films ever made; and a proud addition to an already impressive history of American films for the astounding Miss Davis (no foreigner to the movie macabre, for her startling performances as Charlotte in *HUSH*... *HUSH, SWEET CHARLOTTE* in 1964 and as the brain-bent Baby Jane in *WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?* of 1961, are so impressive as horrific pace-setters to the style of the modern screen drama, that we'll soon be reviewing them in an upcoming issue).

Many performers of international note have acted before the HAMMER cameras, including Sir Donald Wolfit, Richard Wordsworth, Tallulah Bankhead, Ann Todd, Marie Ney and Bette Davis.



Yet there are two men whose very NAMES make you THINK of HAMMER... although both have appeared in countless films of numerous other companies... and throughout the world's stage... PETER CUSHING and CHRISTOPHER LEE...



CUSHING's performances as the Baron in *THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN*, *THE REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN* and *FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED* are perhaps the most remembered, for his portrayals captured the heart of Shelley's original character. His candor, moments of utter brutality - sudden ineffectuality, and wonderful facial expressions while blatantly lying to officialdom, all make this character actor's portrayals on the SCREAM SCREEN a memorable exercise in horror-drama.



CUSHING and LEE often appear together... LEE playing the Count and CUSHING the Count-hunter... or CUSHING as the Baron and LEE as the mad creation of his inevitably questioned sense of human values...

... it must be said that CHRISTOPHER LEE's portrayal of Count Dracula is powerful in that it is much closer to Bram Stoker's original Dracula than the highly stylized casting of BELA LUGOSI. LUGOSI was no slouch, but his effect seemed more like Count Lugosi than Stoker's bitter, powerful, gray-haired old man. LEE doesn't dye his hair gray exactly, but his manner, viciousness, and style of 'attack' in films such as the recent *DRACULA HAS RISEN FROM THE GRAVE*, are graceful, lithe and complimentary to brother scripter-macabre Bram.

What we're waiting for is HAMMER to figure out some sound and feasible way to bring the depraved Baron and the blood Count together in the SAME FILM... and knowing HAMMER... they just MIGHT!



A listing of HAMMER'S best horror titles would include the following features:

THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN - 1957, THE REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN - 1958, THE TWO FACES OF DR. JEKYLL - 1960, THE DAMNED - 1961, WITCHCRAFT - 1961, THE NANNY - 1965, RASPUTIN, THE MAD MONK - 1965, FANATIC - 1965, FRANKENSTEIN CREATED WOMAN - 1966, THE MUMMY'S SHROUD - 1966, PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES - 1966, THE REP-TILE - 1966, THE DEVIL RIDES OUT - 1967, QUATERMASS AND THE MT - 1967, DRACULA HAS RISEN FROM THE GRAVE - 1968, FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED - 1969.

...and the HAMMER HORRORS of the SEVENTIES...

BLOOD FROM THE MUMMY'S TOMB - DR. JEKYLL AND SISTER HYDE - and SCARS OF DRACULA...

KICKS ARE INEXHAUSTIBLE AND UNDEFINABLE SENSATIONS DERIVED FROM EXPERIENCING THAT WHICH HAS NEVER BEEN EXPERIENCED BEFORE...AS EACH SOURCE FOR KICKS IS EXHAUSTED IN TURN, THE BORED AND Jaded ONES WHO STILL HUNGER FOR **KICKS** PROGRESS ON TO NEWER AND MORE UNLIKELY SOURCES...EVEN **MACABRE SOURCES**...

THIS IS REALLY FAR OUT, MAN--I EXPECT TO SEE BELA LUGOSI COME TRUCKIN' OUT FROM BEHIND ONE OF THESE HEADSTONES ANY MINUTE...

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, MAN, BUT THIS GRASS IS REALLY GIVIN' ME A BUZZ. I FEEL LIKE THE GROUND'S SHAKIN' RIGHT UNDER ME...



HOWEVER, NOT ALL NEW OR UNUSUE EXPERIENCES ARE CATEGORIZED AS KICKS. FOR INSTANCE, THE ABRUPT BURSTING OF A SHUDDER AND CLUTCHING HAND THROUGH THE PACKED EARTH OF A BURIAL MOUND, AND THE SENSATION INDUCED WHEN THAT DIRT-CLUSTERED HAND BLINDLY GRASPS AT ONE'S ARM...

WHAT IN THE--GIVE I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT IS PUTTIN' THE GRASS ON YOU, MAN, BUT I'M NOT HAVIN' AROUND TO SEE IF IT'S AN UNUSUE EXPERIENCE...

AND THEREFORE, THOSE NEW EXPERIENCES WHICH ARE NOT DEFINED AS KICKS ARE INEVITABLY AVOIDED WITH HASTE AND AT ANY COST...

LET GO YOUR STINKIN' MITT OFF ME--I GOT PLACES TO GO!!!

I SWEAR IT-- THIS TIME I MEAN IT--NEVER AGAIN-- REALLY, THAT'S THE WAY I INTEND TO LIVE ON ANY NEED!



...THE CRUNCHING BURST OF A HEEDOUS OBJECT THROUGH A YEAR'S ACCUMULATION OF GRASS AND FLOWERS...AND THE STREAMING CASCADE OF DIRT OFF A MOLDERING, ANIMATED CADAVER TAKING ITS LEAVE OF...

A PLOT of DIRT

ROTTING FLESH HANDS IN FLAPPING
TATTERS OF PESTERING
PETRIFICATION, AND THE CORPSE
WHICH HAS BEEN GRIMLY SNATCHED
FROM THE REAPER'S EMBRACE
BEGINS TO MOVE, TO SHAMBLE
FORWARD UPON GROTESQUELY
DISTORTED LEGS—AN INNER VOICE
IMPELS IT TO MOVE, A VOICE IT
CANNOT IGNORE... AND YET, AND YET
IT **HAUSES**, ITS RINGI-FLEWED
EYE CAUGHT BY SOMETHING...

...SOMETHING WHICH KNOES AN ALMOST
FORGOTTEN SPARK WITHIN ITS EMACIATED BREAST...
SOMETHING SOFT, AND GENTLE, FRAGILE AND
YET STRONG, SOMETHING OF VIVID COLOR AND
POSSESSED OF LIFE. JOINTS SHUDDER
UNSTEADILY, AND THE CORPSE JERKS DOWN TO ITS
KNEES TO CLIP
DECAYED,
THE THING WITH YELLOW,
BONE-PROTRUDING
HANDS...



THE DECOMPOSED HANDS HONK OVER THE THING,
GULVERING WITH INTERNAL TORMENT. THE
CARCER **RESISTS** THE INNER VOICE, AND
SLOWLY PLUCKS THE THING FROM ITS RESTING
PLACE IN THE GROUND, MUCH AS IT HAS BEEN
PLUCKED FROM ITS RESTING PLACE, A SOFT,
CROAKING WHISPER ISSUES FROM ITS
ROT-FLECKED LIPS...

AND THEN THE INNER VOICE BEGINS TO
ITCH AT THE CORPSE'S DECOMPOSED
BRAIN, BEGINS TO **GNAW** AT IT WITH
SHARP TEETH OF FIRE. THE VOICE IS
NOT TO BE IGNORED; IT IS TO BE
OBeyed. THE REPUGNANT PARODY
OF A MAN STAGGERS TO ITS FEET,
AND SHUFFLES AWAY FROM ITS GRAVE,
TOWARD THE VOICE...

...THE VOICE WHICH PROMISES
EXCRUCIATING ASOBY IF IT IS IGNORED,
THE VOICE WHICH IRRESISTIBLY CALLS,
COME TO ME, COME TO ME, FOLLOW
MY VOICE, LET NO OBSTACLE
STOP YOU, COME TO ME...

...AND TEARS WELL UP BEHIND
PETRIFIED EYE-SOCKETS, BRIM
OVER MAGGOT-EATEN EYELIDS, AND
WCONSCIOUSLY STREAM DOWN
THE GHASTLY RUN OF ITS CHEEKS...



...THE SLOW, CHANTING VOICE, THE SOFT, MONOTONOUS, BUTTERSWEET VOICE, THE SONOROUS, SIBILLANT VOICE, THE EVIL VOICE, THE VOICE WHICH SOLEMNLY INTONES...

COME TO ME,
COME TO ME, FOLLOW
MY VOICE, LET NO
OBSTACLE STAND
IN YOUR WAY...



...LET NOTHING STAND IN YOUR WAY...NEITHER THE DEATH OF YOURSELF...

GOOD
GOOD! WHAT
IS IT--?!!

HORRIBLE--
HORRIBLE--
STOP IT--
SET AID
OF IT--

ALL
RIGHT--
HOLD IT!



...FOR THE LIVES OF THOSE WHO
SURROUND YOU...COME TO ME,
COME TO ME...

IT'S NOT
REAL--IT CAN'T
BE--NOTHING CAN
KNOCK A MAN / SIDE
THAT EASILY--!



...COME TO ME, MY VOICE WILL DRAW YOU TO
ME, THE PULL OF MY VOICE WILL SUCK YOU
TO ME, COME TO ME...

O--SOMEBODY...
CALL POLICE
HEADQUARTERS...
TELL THEM...
WHAT HAPPENED...
QUICKLY...



STILL THE VOICE HIGGES AND LASHES
THROUGH THE MIGHT AIR, KNOWING NO BOUNDARIES, NONE
OF THE LIMITATIONS WHICH GOVERN NORMAL SOUNDS...
A DEEP, RESONANT VOICE, A VOICE FORGED IN HELL
AND REFINED IN SORCERY...

LET
MY THINGS SEE
YOU... NOTHING
CAN HURT YOU...
YOU ARE BEYOND
HURT... YOU
CANNOT DIE... YOU
ARE DEAD... YOU
NOTHING CAN
STOP YOU...



...NOTHING AT ALL...NEITHER
MAN, NOR...

...ANY MATERIAL BARRIERS...COME
TO ME...WALK THROUGH HELL AND
COME TO ME...

...YOU KNOW THE WAY...YOU'VE
BEEN HERE BEFORE...YOU KNOW
THE WAY...COME TO ME...FOLLOW
MY VOICE...



WHA PF!
Wheeee!
VER-EEEEEESSHHH!

MEMORY HAS SHREDDED WITH THE RENDING
DISINTEGRATION OF THE PESTILENTLY DEFORMED
COMPOSER'S MIND... YES THIS MAN WHO STANDS
WITHIN CAREFULLY CHALKED PERIMETERS
STRAINS FOR FAMILIARITY... AND TOO, THE
NAME HE HAS SPOKEN IS FAMILIAR, PHILIP
DAVOREN, SOMEHOW, SOMEWHERE, THE NAME
IS FAMILIAR...

YES, PHILIP, I'VE FOUND A WAY
TO TORMENT YOU EVEN BEYOND
THE VEIL OF DEATH. DON'T
YOU REMEMBER ME,
PHILIP? DON'T YOU
REMEMBER WHAT
YOU DID TO
ME? CAN'T YOU
SEE IT ALL
AGAIN, RIGHT
NOW?

...OPEN THE DOOR... OPEN THE
DOOR... AND ENTER...

...ENTER TO FACE ME! FACE THE ONE TO
WHOM YOU DEALT SUCH EVIL--THE ONE WHO
WOULD NEVER LET YOU CEASE SUFFERING--
THE ONE WHO REFUSED TO LET DEATH
CREAT HIM OF TORMENTING YOU! FACE ME,
PHILIP DAVOREN, AND KNOW THAT I WILL
HAVE MY FULL REVENGE UPON YOU!

BUT THE STENCH-REEDING CORPSE REMINDERS NOTHING ELSE, FOR NOW CAN A DEAD MAN REMEMBER ANYTHING? MUTE, ITS WARPED AND CROISTY FEATURES CREASE IN LINES OF PAINFUL CONFUSION. IT STRUGGLES TO MOVE, BUT FINDS ITSELF FIRMLY ROOTED, AS IF THE VOICE HAS SILENTLY FORSAKE IT SUCH LUXURIES...

YOU REALLY CAN NOT REMEMBER, CAN YOU? IT IS JUST AS WELL, PHILIP, BECAUSE NEVER KNOWS WHY YOU SUFFER WILL REUCE EVEN MORE SUFFERING. YOU CANNOT BE KILLED, PHILIP, AND YET... NEITHER CAN YOU LIVE. YOU ARE IMMOBILIZED, TRAPPED IN THAT GROSS, ROTTING, VERMIN-INFESTED MUCK OF GOING FLESH!

REX, AND YES, WOMEN-- WOMEN WILL SURELY AND FLIE AT THE MERE SIGHT OF YOU! YOU SHALL BE SHAKEN BY ALL--ALONE FOR ALL ETERNITY--ALONE! DOOMED TO WALK THE EARTH HOMELESS, FRIENDLESS AND DEATHLESS! UGLY BEYOND BELIEF-- WOUNDED BY ALL WHO SEE YOU AND HAVE THE COURAGE TO STAND AGAINST YOU!

THE WORDS PUNNEL AGAINST THE INMATE CADAVER'S TWISTED EARS, FILL ITS MIND WITH MUTTERABLE CONFUSION AND DAW, MUDDLED WONDERING. BUT THE VOICE WHICH TRANSMITS THOSE WORDS FILLS IT WITH AWE, AND RUTHLESSLY ABORTS ANY ATTEMPTS AT REMEMBRANCE...

BUT EVEN THAT HORRENDOUS, PITIFUL EXISTENCE WILL NOT FULLY REPAY YOU FOR THE TORMENT YOU'VE CAUSED ME--AND SO I HAVE A TASK FOR YOU TO PERFORM. AGAIN YOU WILL FOLLOW MY VOICE, BUT AWAY FROM HERE--YOU WILL GO WHERE MY VOICE COMPELS YOU TO GO...

...AND DO WHAT MY VOICE ORDERS YOU TO DO! NOW GO-- LEAVE THIS PLACE AND FOLLOW MY VOICE...

ONCE AGAIN THE CHAOTIC VOICE POUNDS DRUM-LIKE FUNERAL CHORDS WITH THE MONSTROSITY'S BRAIN, AND ONCE AGAIN IN MINDLESS OBLIVANCE, THE GAUNT FIGURE GRAWGLES TO ITS BIRDS--A LONELY, ONE-WOMAN MARSHETTE JERKING TO THE SOUND--STRINGS OF ITS PUPPETEER MASTER, A DISCLOSAL GUPETID...



SLURRY SOBSETS OF WITHERING FLESH DRIPS FROM THE
 SEPIA-FORM WITH EACH UNCERTAIN BUT INEXORABLY FORCED
 STEP... THE VOICE BURNS AND SEARS WITHIN ITS
 MUTILATED HEAD, ITCHING AND FLAYING, TAUNTING
 AND COMMANDING--GO, YOU GROTESQUE
 MOCKERY OF DEATH, GO WITH
 MY VOICE, GO...

...GO WITH MY VOICE... FORWARD... EVER FORWARD...
 DO NOT STOP FOR ANYTHING...



...NOTHING AT ALL...NOTHING
 CAN HARM YOU...NOTHING
 CAN STOP YOU...

SKRASSSS HISSSS

ONWARD, EVER FOLLOWING THE VOICE AND ITS
 RELENTLESS INSTRUCTIONS, THE GORGEOUSLY
 EXONEMED CADAVER SHAWLS AND SHUFFLES,
 ONWARD, FORWARD, DOWN A GLOOMY SIDE
 STREET, TOWARD A HOUSE, AND TOWARD A
 SPLASH OF AMBER LIGHT SPILLING FROM
 THAT HOUSE.



AND, ATTRACTED TO THE LIGHTED WINDOW SIMULTANEOUSLY
 WITH THE VOICE'S COMPULSION TO GO TO IT, THE ETERNAL
 CORPSE PEERS WITHIN... ITS COKE-SLIMED EYES
 FOCUSING ON A GIRL, A GIRL HUNCHED AT HER DESK,
 SEEMING QUIETLY...

OR, PHILIP, PHILIP, WHY
 DO YOU HAVE TO DIE 22005?
 IT... IT'S BEEN OVER A YEAR,
 AND STILL I FIND NO COMFORT
 FROM ANYONE ELSE...
 STILL I LONG FOR YOU,
 PHILIP...

THE VOICE REVERBERATES VIOLENTLY WITHIN THE
 RESTLESS CORPSE'S TORTURED SKULL... ENTER ENTER THE
 HOUSE WITH STEALTH... CLIMB THROUGH THE WINDOW...
 GO TO THE GIRL... GO TO HER...



POOR
 I... I KNOW IT WAS
 CRAZY WHO MURDERED
 YOU... BUT HE'S TOO RICH,
 PHILIP, HE HAS TOO MANY
 FRIENDS, TOO MUCH POWER...
 THEY'LL NEVER PUNISH
 HIM, PHILIP, CAN'T YOU
 SEE? WHOEVER YOU
 ARE, CAN'T YOU SEE THAT
 I TRIED TO MAKE THEM
 REALIZE HE KILLED
 YOU...



THE VOICE DRENDS THE PITIFUL GROTESQUE GURGLE ONWARD... GO TO THE GIRL... GO TO HER AND KILL HER... AND THEN IT SEES THE FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH OF A YOUNG MAN...

A YOUNG MAN'S FACE WHICH STRIKES A RESPONSE GLEAM

CHORD DIMP WITHIN ITS BROADCAST... THE CORPSE HAS SEEN THE FACE IN THE PHOTOGRAPH OFTEN, LONG AGO... IN THE MURDER...

THE VOICE SCREAMS... KILL HER... SHE WANTED ONLY YOU... NOW I'M SENDING YOU TO HER... KILL HER... COMPLETE MY REVENGE... SUFFER MORE BY KILLING HER YOURSELF... THE SCAROUS CORPSE STEPS FORWARD TO CRAY, AND ITS SHADOW FALLS ACROSS THE FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH... THE GIRL WHIRLS IN IS SOMETHING STRONG, OF SHOCK AND HER FACE... THOUGH TERRIFIED... SHORT AND SWEET... FRANKS AND VIVID COLOR AND POSSESSED OF LIFE...

Oh my GOS...

OH, PHILIP, I AME TO SEE YOUR HANDSOME FACE AT MY DOOR AGAIN... WOULD THAT YOU COULD COME BACK TO ME... I GOS E

THE VOICE SHAKES ITS ORDER OF DESTRUCTION WITHIN THE GIRL'S MIND... AND A FLTH BATTERED FIST BUNNIES IN OBEDIENCE AS THE GIRL CRUMPLES TO THE FLOOR IN FRIGHTENED OBSESSION, THE FIST FALTEWS--SOMETHING STRONGER THAN THE VOICE STAYS IT--MEMORY STAYS THE FIST...

...MEMORY RETURNED BY TWO FACES, ONE BEAUTIFUL... FACE THE GIRL LOVED ONCE... AND THE OTHER FRAMED, ITS OWN FACE...

NOW TRIGGERED, THE MEMORY SURGES IN UPON THE HESITATING CADAVER, SUMMONING IMAGES, WORDS, EMOTIONS... FIRST, THE ANNOUNCEMENT...

I'M SORRY, CRAIG, BUT HEUP HAS ALREADY PROPOSED TO ME-- AND I'VE ACCEPTED.

WHAT?--PJ? YOU'RE GOING TO MARRY HIM?-- A POOR SLOB WHO'S NEVER KNOWN ANYTHING BUT BAKED BEANS AND A RUN-DOWN NOVEL-- WHEN I'VE PROPOSED TO YOU!! ALL RIGHT-- BUT...

...REMEMBER THIS! YOU'LL LIVE TO REGRET IT!-- BOTH OF YOU! I'LL MAKE YOU BOTH SUFFER MORE THAN THE BRASSATION CAN HUNT AT!

... THEN THE MEMORY OF NOW HE HAD SUFFERED--BY HIS DEATH, A FLASHING BLIMPSE OF CRAIG, THE SWEETER BLIMPSE OF A RUN BARREL, AND A GAWPING EXPLOSION IN THE NIGHT, PAIN IN HIS CHEST, AND NOTHINGNESS...

NO! AGAIN!

... AND THE REALIZATION OF NOW HARRY MUST HAVE SUFFERED--SUFFERED MORE THAN DEATH HAD CAUSED HIM TO SUFFER BECAUSE SHE HAD LIVED TO ENDURE THE LONGING OF A HARPNESS SHATTERED BEFORE IT COULD BEGIN...

AND NOW THE WICKED ONE CALLED CRAIG HAD SOUGHT TO PROLONG THE SUFFERING--FOR HIM, BY FORCING THIS WRETCHED, WALKING UN-LIFE UPON HER AND BY TRYING TO FORCE HIM TO MURDER HIS BELOVED MARY...



THE CORPSE KNOWS IT WILL NEVER AGAIN BE ABLE TO CRADLE THE GIRL MARY WITHIN ITS BLIGHTED ARMS-- BUT NEITHER WILL IT CRUSH THE LIFE FROM HER WITH THOSE ARMS... DETERMINATION, NOT THE GORGON'S VOICE, NOW ANIMATES IT, ENABLING IT TO DEFFY THE ECHOING COMMANDS WITHIN ITS BRAIN... GO BACK, GO BACK, STAY AWAY, THE HORRIBLE VOICE SAYS IN MOUNTAIN HORROR... BUT INSTEAD, IT WALKS ON...



...AND FOR MARY, BY SENDING THE HEEDLESS MONSTER OF HIS DEATH TO HER, AND INTENDING TO CAUSE HER DEATH AT HER LOVER'S HANDS... AND AFTER HER DEATH?... A YEAR AFTER HER DEATH, WHEN HER BEAUTIFUL FORM HAS ALSO BECOME MANGLED--CHURNED AND DISHEALED... PERHAPS A SIMILAR POST-DEATH FATE FOR HER TOO...?



NEW STRENGTH COURSES THROUGH ITS NON-VEINS, NEW PURPOSE OPERATES, STIMULATED AND USELESS MUSCLES... AND RAGE BLOWS IT WITH THE WILL TO PLOW THROUGH THE VIRTUALLY TANGIBLE WALL OF OPPOSITION WHICH IS THE VOICE IN ITS BRAIN...



THE VOICE IN ITS MIND BELLOWED, KILL HER, KILL HER, YOU DAMNED MONSTER, KILL HER! BUT A LOUDER VOICE, ITS OWN VOICE, RISES LOUDER, IS ABLE TO TRAVEL THROUGH CORRUPTED VOCAL CHACLES, BUT RISES LOUDER WITHIN ITS MIND AND BARKS LOUDER, NO, NO--THIS I WILL NOT DO!



NO LONGER IS HE A MERE CORPSE, NOW A SENSE OF IDENTITY, A SENSE OF PURPOSE FILLS HIM, NO LONGER IS HE DEAD-- NOW HE IS LIVING, NO LONGER IS HE A MINDLESS ZOMBIE-- NOW HE IS POSSESSED OF A WILL OF HIS OWN! NOW HE IS A MAN! AND A TRUE MAN RESISTS THE VOICE OF EVIL, EVEN THE VOICE OF EVIL WHICH DESPERATELY SEETHES THROUGH HIS MIND... STOP, GO BACK, KILL HER...





YOU REALLY BELIEVE
WHAT DAVID SAID ABOUT
SOME MONSTER
ATTACKING HIM? SOME
CORPSE OR
SOMETHING...? I
MEAN, HE MIGHT'VE
BEEN DELIRIOUS,
YOU KNOW.

THEN IF IT'S
TRUE, AND IF
BULLETS DIDN'T
STOP IT... WHAT DO
WE DO IF WE GET
UP WITH IT...?

MOSTLY, I
GUESS WE PRAY--
BUT WE'VE GOT SOMETHING
BESIDES BULLETS IN THE
BACK OF THE CAR THAT
SHOULD... LOOK, THERE
IT IS! THE DOORMAN'S
CALL FROM THAT BUILDING
WAS THE TIP-OFF!
ALL RIGHT...

WE HAVE TO
BELIEVE MR. BISSER,
A POLICE CAR WAS
SMASHED TO SCRAP METAL
EARLIER TONIGHT TOO, ONE
OF THE MEN SURVIVED--AND
HIS DESCRIPTION OF THE
THING THAT DID IT MATCHES
WHAT DAVID SAID, AND ON
TOP OF THAT, THERE'VE
BEEN A DOZEN CITIZEN
REPORTS. SOMETHING
UNNATURAL IS
GOING ON...

...KEEP BACK, STAY AWAY, GREY HE...
THE VOICE BOOMS FRANTICALLY, NO COUNTERS
THE VOICE WITHIN THE CORPSE THAT
IS PHILIP DWOREN.
NO, I WILL
FOLLOW
YOUR VOICE,
AND REACH
YOU...

THE DOOR
SHATTERS INWARD
IN A SPLINTERING
HAIL OF SLIVERED
WOOD CHIPS
BENEATH THE
DIRTY ONSLAUGHT
THAT IS THE DEAD
PHILIP DWOREN...
AND NOTHING
CAN NOW STOP HIM
FROM REACHING
HIS ARCAIC
RESURRECTOR...

NO! STAY AWAY--GO
BACK, KILL HER! SHE
SPURRED ME--FOR YOU! SHE
MUST DIE--AND YOU MUST KILL
HER! YOU FOOL-- YOU CAN'T
REACH ME THROUGH THE
PENTAGRAM--THE LINES OF IT
WILL STOP YOU--
BUT YOU MUST GO
BACK AND KILL
HER!

PHILIP DWOREN KNOWS THE SMALL WORDS TO
BE TRUE--HE IS BLOKED FROM HIS
OBJECTIVE BY AN INVISIBLE AURA EXTENDING
UPWARD FROM THE CHALKED LINES OF THE
PENTAGRAM... FOR A MOMENT IT SEEMS HE
HAS BEEN
DEFEATED...

...BUT NOT FOR LONG.
ALL THE RAGE WITHIN HIM
IS CONCENTRATED IN ONE
DERIVATED BLOW--THE
CHAIN SHAPES LIKE
ROTTEN THREAD...

SPARK!

...AND THE UNGHISE
CHAMBER, A FINAL SYMBOL OF
CRASH'S INFLUENTIAL WEALTH,
PLUMMETS DOWN TO SMUFF
ITSELF AND THE LIFE OF ITS
OWNER IN ONE TREMENDOUS
CRASH...

SCARCELY HAS THE
AWESOME NOISE OF THE
CRASH DIED BEFORE
THE PERPETUAL
DEFENDERS OF THE LAW
AND OCCASIONAL
PASSERS OF JUDGEMENT
RUSH INTO THE
APARTMENT...

CHAY,
ED--THIS IS
IT--TURN ON
ON FULL
FORCE!

...AND HAVE OCCASION TO PASS SWIFT JUDGEMENT ON PHILIP DIVOREN...
SURELY IT IS APPARENT WHO IS THE MONSTER HERE--A YOUNG, HANDSOME
MAN WHO JUST BEEN MURDERED IN THE PRIME OF HIS LIFE... AND A
TERRIFIC FIGURE OF DEATH STANDS AT
THE MURDER SCENE... THE ROTTEN
CORPSE IGNITES SWIFTLY,
ACRIDLY, AND BURNS WELL...

I TOLD YOU
THESE FLAME-
THROWERS'D
WORK!

...AND, CURIOUSLY, WITHOUT OFFERING ANY
RESISTANCE, PHILIP DIVOREN DIES FOR A
SECOND TIME, PERHAPS KNOWING PEACE
FOR THE FIRST TIME, AND HE DIES
TOUCHING SOMETHING...

...SOMETHING SOFT, AND
GENTLE...

...FRAGILE AND YET STRONG...

...SOMETHING OF FADED COLOR, AND
NO LONGER POSSESSED OF LIFE...

AND IN THE MORNING, JUDGEMENT IS ONCE
AGAIN, AS EVER, PASSED...

LOUSY HAPPES--MUST'VE
BROKEN IN HERE AGAIN LAST
NIGHT! STEALING CORPSES
NOW-- WHERE WILL IT
ALL END?

PHILIP
DIVOREN
1945-1971



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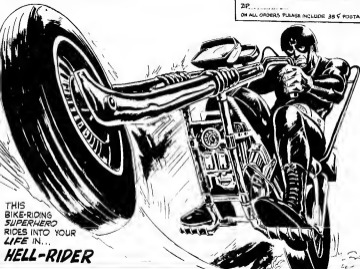
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ON ALL ORDERS PLEASE INCLUDE 35¢ POSTAGE



THIS
BIKE-RIDING
SUPERHERO
RIDES INTO YOUR
LIFE IN...
HELL-RIDER

BETWEEN THE SHEETS OF HIGHTED MIST... BETWIXT THE PLANES
OF MENTAL ACTIVITY, THE FIGURES OF THE PAST BECOME JOIN
WITH THE PRESENT!! WE ARE **DRAWN**... **NAY**, TORN FROM
THE COMMON LIFE-STREAMS OF HUMANITY, TO DWELL IN THE
GLORIES THAT WERE, AND THE TIMES THAT ARE NO LONGER!!!

A QUESTION OF IDENTITY!!

WHERE ARE YOU??

WHERE...

WHERE...

WHERE...

NO LEAVE ME !!
LEAVE ME!!!

WHY DO YOU PLAGUE
ME WITH YOUR
QUESTIONS!!?

WHY!!?

MUST KNOW...

MUST KNOW...

MUST KNOW...

WE MUST KNOW!!



AS A LONE SHE-WOLF HOWLS
HER SOLITARY PRAISE TO THE
NIGHT'S COMING PLEASURES

SCANT SECONDS
LATER.....

FINALLY!!!

WHERE ARE
THEY? WHY HAVE
THEY TAKEN SO
LONG??

I CAN SENSE
IT.... SOMETHING
IS WRONG!!
SOMETHING
HAS
HAPPENED!!!

THE STILL AUSTRIAN AIR IS TORN BY THE SOUNDS OF MASSIVE
MEMBRANOUS WINGS BEATING WILDLY!! IN A BLUR OF CELLULAR
ACTIVITY, A STRANGE TRANSFORMATION EVOLVES!!!

QUICKLY!! HIDE
OUR DAUGHTER IN
THE CRYPTS!!!

I WILL TRY
TO REASON
WITH THIS FLOCK
OF FOOLS!!!



THEY CALL
US.....

... NOSFERATU...
VAMPIRE!!!

SCRATCHES
HEAD, NOSFERATU??
VAMPIRE??

THE
UNDEAD!!

YES, BUT WHY?
DOES IT ALL
MEAN??!

WE KNOW NOTHING
MORE ABOUT THIS
CASE NOW, THAN WHEN
WE FIRST STARTED!!

AMNESIA
IS NEVER AN
EASY PROBLEM
TO SOLVE, MY
FRIEND!!

"NOSFERATU"... "VAMPIRE"
WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?

WHY ARE THEY SO
IMPORTANT TO YOUR
TROUBLED MIND??!

QUICKLY, THE
TRANCE IS
PASSING!!!

I...I...
NOSFERATU!!!

AS THE
TRANCE ENDS, AND
THE MIND
ONCE
AGAIN
DWELLS
IN THE
REALM OF
THE
PRESENT...

THANK YOU,
DOCTORS!! YOU
HAVE INDEED
RESTORED MY
LOST
MEMORIES!!

YOU HAVE
GIVEN ME THE KEY
TO SECRETS LONG
PAST!!

NO!!
STAY BACK!!!

DON'T COME
ANY CLOSER!!!



MINO000000!!!
SQUAWAY!!! GET
BACK!!!

WHERE IS
IT?? WAS
TO BE HERE,
SOMEPHASE



AHHH, FIRST BLOOD!!
BUT I CAN ASSURE YOU
MORE WILL FLOW!!!

HERE IT IS!!
FINALLY!!!



AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!

SO YOU
WOULD TAMPER
WITH THE FATES
PITIFUL MORTAL!!?



DOCTOR??!

MY GOD!!!!
MY



GGGGAAAAAWWWW!!!

VOODOO INITIATION

DEMONIC POSSESSION... BIZARRE CEREMONIES... MAD POLLS THAT CAN KILL...
--ALL PROPERTIES OF THE MAGICAL LIFE OF THE VOODOO!

① FIRST, SHROUDED IN AN ALL-WHITE SHEET WHICH HIDES YOUR CHARACTER YOU DRINK DEEPLY OF THE RITUAL **HERB WINE**... YOUR MIND SLOWLY **BENDS** TO THE ACID-TANGY FLAVOR AND THE MADLY COINED **DRUG** THEREIN STARTS TO TAKE **EFFECT**...

② THEN, YOU ARE MADE TO JOIN THE OLD ONES THOSE MANY FRIENDS AND RELATIVES ALREADY INITIATED. MADE TO **PROVE** TO THEM YOU ARE **FIT FOR MEMBERSHIP**... INTO THE UNHOLY VOODOO CULT... YOU ARE MADE TO **BATHE IN FIRE**...

③ THEN, YOU ARE THRUST INTO A PLACE OF **LONELINESS** FOR 40 DAYS--**STARVED**--DENIED THE RIGHT TO WASH OR CHANGE YOUR **CLOTHING**... MADE TO ENDURE THE **AGONIES** OF THAT **DRUGGED WINE** WHICH STILL HAS **AWKWARD REACTIONS** IN YOUR MIND AS IT **DISTORTS REALITY**... LITERALLY MAKING THE TRY DESERT LIZARD A **MONSTRIOUS DEMON**...

④ NOW, YOU ARE ONE OF THE INITIATES, YOU HAVE YET MUCH TO LEARN OF THE COMPLICATED MAGIC AND GODS OF VOODOO... BUT YOU ARE **READY TO LEARN**--THROUGH HARD WORK AND RITUAL...

...AND BEFORE LONG YOU WILL BE A **MASTER OF MEN**... FOR YOUR **POWERS TO CONTROL** AND **BEND THE WILL** OF OTHERS THROUGH THREATS OF **VIOLENCE AND DEATH** ARE BACKED BY A CENTURIES-OLD TERRIFYING **KNOWLEDGE OF PURE-BRED ULTIMATE EVIL**...

...THROUGH THE DREADED VOODOO!

HOWARD AND MARC

MEET MESSRS. FRAUD AND FRAUD--

AM I GOING
OUT OF MY
MIND
ORUP?

...A
GRAVEYARD...
WHAT?

IF YOU'RE BLOWN!
YOUR GRULL PARTNER
JAY, THEN SO AM I...

...THERE'S SOMETHIN'
ABOUT THIS--THAT'S--
BEGINNING TO GNAW AT
MY NERVES...A FEELIN'
IN MY GUT THAT'S
UNREAL... DEADLY...

...WHOEVER HEARD
OF A GRAVEYARD
APPEARING OUTTA
AND--JIR!

JAY GOSH AND SKYPLER, OR AS WE SHALL KNOW THEM HENCEFORTH, MESSRS. FRAUD AND FRAUD... FRONTRUNNERS IN PUT-ONS-LES AND MONEY-SMUGGLING... FOR THEY ARE GRUBBERS WHO EITHER LACK THE LUSTRE TO MAKE IT LEGIT OR PREFER TO TAKE THE EASY ROUTE TO EASY MONEY...GRUBBING 'ROUND ON HANDS AND KNEES FOR A FEW BUCKS IN THE RAT RACE OF CRIME...THE MONEY-GRUBBERS GRABBING ONTO A SURE-THING IN...

THE GRAVEYARD JUNGLE

...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...







I HAVE A
LIGHTER HERE
SO WE CAN SEE
WHAT WE'RE
DOING... IS
THERE NO
LIGHT-
SWITCH?

THE POWER ISN'T
ON 'TILL TOMORROW
... BUT I KNOW
WHERE WE CAN FIND
A BUNCH OF
CANDLES...
SHOULD BE SOMEWHERE
HERE ON THE
TABLE...



MY HAND... IN
THE DARK...
BRUSAED AGAINST
THAT STUFF...
WHAT THE HELL
IS IT?...

I DUNNO...
LOOKS LIKE--SOME
KIND OF 'STRANGE'
CHEMICAL
COMPOUND...
DON'T ASK ME...
HOW SHOULD I KNOW
MAYBE IT'S
FERTILIZER...



LOOKS LIKE
HE'S MOVED SOME
FURNITURE IN...

...BUT WHY WOULD
HE COVER IT UP WITH
WHITE SHEETS...
I DON'T GET IT!

HE PROBABLY
DIDN'T WANT TO
GET IT DIRTY
WHILE HE CLEANS...

...LET'S SEE
WHAT KIND OF
FURNITURE
HE'S GOT...



HOLY HANNAH!
YOU EVER SEE
ANYTHING LIKE
THAT IN YOUR
LIFE?

CAN'T SAY AS I
HAVE... UNLESS IT
WAS IN AN OLD
BORIS KARLOFF
FLICK... LOOKS
LIKE STUFF OUT OF
THE DARK AGES...

...WELL AT LEAST
WE CAN STUFF
THESE CANDLES IN
THE CANDLE ABRUM...
THROW SOME
LIGHT AROUND SO
WE CAN FIND
SOMEWHERE TO
SIT WHILE WE
WAIT...



WHAT'S
THAT...

...WHAT?...

THROUGH THE
WINDOW FOR
HEAVEN'S SAKE...
LOOK AT IT...



GOOD LORD!
A GRAVEYARD...

THERE'S NO
GRAVEYARD ADJOINING
THIS PROPERTY... THERE'S
SOMETHING STRANGE
GOING ON... DO YOU
GET THE FEELING
THAT...

I GET TWO
FEELINGS...
...ONE IS NAUSEA...

...THE OTHER IS THAT
THIS GUY BRACAR HAS
SOMEHOW CAUGHT ON
...HE'S TRYIN' TO PULL
THE SAME STUNT
OFF ON US THAT WE'VE
GOT GOIN'...

HE'S TRYIN'
TO SPOOK US
WITH SOME
KIND OF
IMAGES...

I DUNNO...
LOOKS REAL
ENOUGH TO ME...
I'M GOIN'
OUTSIDE TO FIND
OUT!









WELL-- COME
ON IN-- ARE YOU
STRUCK DUMB--



IS
THAT--

ERRACAM--



--ONE OF MANY NAMES--
GENTLEMEN--

--I PREFER TO USE ERBACAM
BECAUSE-- WELL, BECAUSE MACABRE
AND SATANAS AND--
LUCIFER-- ARE A DEAD
GIVE-AWAY--

--YOU'VE
COME WITH THE
PAPERS
HAVE YOU?



--GOOD-- I'VE BEEN SPENDING
THE AFTERNOON PUTTING MY
NEW EARTH-HOUSE IN ORDER--

--OH-- I SEE YOU'RE BOTH
THE HORSE FOR WEAR--
PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE
WARNED YOU--

--YES GENTLEMEN-- THE
PERFECT HOUSE TO SET UP
MY BUSINESS AS A COBBLER--
AN HONORABLE PROFESSION
MESSRS. FRAUD AND FRAUD--
ONE IN WHICH I'VE BEEN
ENGAGED FOR MANY YEARS--
THAT IS, AFTER MEN'S
SOULS--

--AND
YOURS--
YOURS LOOK ALL
WORN OUT--

RIGHT ABOUT NOW... IS THE LAST OPPORTUNITY WE'LL HAVE TO SAY GOODBYE TO THESE TWO BOGUS--MEN--
FOR SHORTLY MESSRS. FRAUD AND FRAUD WILL PROUDLY BE ERECTING A NEW SHINGLE ELSEWHERE... TO
MISLEAD AND DEAL IN A HOT LITTLE PROPERTY IN THE FOREIGN OTHER--WORLD--
...THAT SEVERAL OTHER MISFITS HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO CALL--

...THE GRAVEYARD JUNGLE...



WHAT DOES YOUR BEDROOM LOOK LIKE? OR YOUR LIVING ROOM, OR DEN OR WHATEVER... IS IT DEVOID OF THE MAD-EMOTIONAL **HORROR-MOOD?** IT'S A **SHAME**...BECAUSE FOR A MERE **FRACTION** OF THE CHANGE YOU NOW HAVE IN YOUR POCKET YOU CAN DECORATE (AND **DESECRATE**) EVERY ROOM IN YOUR HOUSE WITH THESE **ARCHAIC POSTERS** FROM HOLLYWOOD'S YESTER-YEARS...

THE ORIGINAL LUGOSI **DRACULA** AND KARLOFF **FRANKENSTEIN** THEATER POSTERS CAN NOW BE **YOURS**... FOR ONLY \$1.50 APIECE (PLUS 50 ¢ POSTAGE AND HANDLING) THE GUY IN OUR MAIL ROOM (OR THE GAL IN OUR FEMALE ROOM) WILL SHIP THESE MAJESTIC MEMORY MOMENTS TO YOU (21" x 29" IN **FULL COLOR**) IN A **CARDBOARD TUBE**...

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☐ **DRACULA**
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MANIACAL MOVIE POSTERS

ALL the Ways and Means to Die

THERE WERE TIMELINES BRANCHING AND BRANCHING, A *MEGA-UNIVERSE* OF UNIVERSES, MILLIONS MORE EVERY MINUTE, BILLIONS OF TRILLIONS OF THE UNIVERSE SPLIT EVERY TIME SOMEONE MADE A DECISION, SPLIT, SO THAT EVERY DECISION EVER MADE COULD GO BOTH WAYS. EVERY CHOICE MADE BY EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD ON EARTH WAS REVERSED IN THE UNIVERSE NEXT DOOR. IT WAS *ENOUGH* TO CONFUSE ANY CITIZEN, LET ALONE DETECTIVE-LIBERTINIAN *GENE TRIMBLE*, WHO HAD OTHER PROBLEMS TO WORRY ABOUT.



ADAPTED BY JEFF JONES FROM A SCRIPT BY LARRY ANKEN...AS
PUBLISHED IN 1988 BY GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION...ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

SENSELESS CRIME, SENSELESS SUICIDE. TRIMBLE SUSPECTED THAT IT WAS WORLD-WIDE, REACHING EPIDEMIC PROPORTIONS. A WOMAN STABBING THEATREGOERS WITH AN *KEPIK*-- CASUALLY-- PEOPLE SIMPLY DISAPPEARING-- AND NOW, *AMBROSE HARDESTY*...



HARDESTY'S BODY LAY ON THE PAVEMENT IN THE EARLY MORNING LIGHT, MORE A STAIN, THAN A MAN, FALLEN FROM HIS PENTHOUSE. NO SUICIDE NOTE.

3 MONTHS AGO I'D HAVE WONDERED "WHY?"-- AMBROSE HARDESTY WAS A PROMINENT INVESTOR OF HAIR-BRAINED CAUSES, AND A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE! HE HAD EVERYTHING!

HIS INVESTMENT IN CROSSTIME CORPORATION PAID OFF, AND WELL! HE HELD DOZENS OF PATENTS ON INVENTIONS IMPORTED FROM ALTERNATE TIME TRACKS. HE WOULD HAVE BEEN THE WORLD'S NEXT BILLIONAIRE--

--HAD HE NOT WALKED OFF THE BALCONY, NOW HIS DEATH WOULD GRAB SPECIAL ATTENTION AND PUBLICITY...

TO DETECTIVE-LIEUTENANT TRIMBLE, CLEANING HIS GUN WAS LIKE KNOTTING--A WAY TO KEEP HIS HANDS BUSY AS HIS MIND WANDERED.



THE **CROSSTIME GROUP** FIRST WAS JUST A HANDFUL OF ENGINEERS, PHYSICISTS AND PHILOSOPHERS TRYING TO PROVE A THEORY OF **ALTERNATE TIME TRACKS**. 11 MONTHS AGO AN EXPERIMENTAL VEHICLE TOUCHED THE WORLD OF THE **CONTEMPORARY STATES OF AMERICA**. FROM THAT POINT ON **MIRACLES** BEGAN TO POUR IN: LASERS, OXYGEN-HYDROGEN ROCKET MOTORS, COMPUTERS, STRANGE PLASTICS--THE LIST GREW.



TOO MANY SUICIDES WALKING OFF BRIDGES FROM BALCONIES, IN FRONT OF TRAINS. NEVER ANY PLANNING. WONDER IF THE **CROSSTIME SHIPS** DON'T BRING BACK A "SUICIDE BUG" FROM SOME **ALTERNATE TIMELINE?**



GETTING BACK WAS **COMPLICATED!** THERE WAS THE PHENOMENON "**BROADENING OF THE BANDS**"--A GRAPH OF **PROBABLE WORLDS** TO RETURN TO WHICH **WIDENED** AS EACH DECISION WAS MADE AND THE **WORLD DIVIDED** AND THE **UNIVERSE STRETCHED**--**TIMESTREAMS** FLOWED ON, MAKING IT DIFFICULT FOR A PILOT TO **RETURN** TO THE WORLD HE'D LEFT!



TRIMBLE **SHUDDERED** AT THE THOUGHT OF IT. WOULDN'T ANYONE?

AS HE CLEANED HIS GUN, THE PUZZLE ASSEMBLED ITSELF IN HIS HEAD. THERE WERE NO LOST PARTS--HE **WOULD** PUT IT ALL TOGETHER...



ONE PILOT, GARY WILCOX, HAD EXPERIMENTED WITH TIMELINES, AND RETURNED TWICE! TWO WILCOXES, TWO VEHICLES!-- TWO DIFFERENT TIMES!-- ONE SHIP HAD WILCOX IN IT-- THE OTHER WAS EMPTY... THE HULLS OF BOTH SHIPS INTERSECTED!--



TRIMBLE HAD TRIED TO CALL THE OTHER GARY WILCOX-- TOO LATE! WILCOX HAD GONE SKY-DIVING-- AND 'FORGOT' TO OPEN HIS PARACHUTE!



SHALL I WONDER, AT LEAST WILCOX HAD MOTIVE? IT'S BAD ENOUGH JUST KNOWING ABOUT THE MILLIONS OF OTHER "GENE TRIMBLES"-- ONE OF "ME" COULD WALK INTO MY OFFICE RIGHT NOW!



TIME FOR COFFEE--

AN IMAGE CAME TO HIM OF AN ENDLESS ROW OF TRIMBLES-- HE WOULD GO GET THE COFFEE-- AND HE WOULDN'T-- AND HE WOULD SEND SOMEONE FOR IT-- AND SOMEBODY WAS ABOUT TO BRING IT WITHOUT BEING ASKED...

PILOTS WENT OUT EVERYWHERE-- IMPERIAL RUSSIA, AMERICAN AMERICA, THE CATHOLIC EMPIRE-- THE NEW WORLD THE RED CHINESE WORLD-- EVEN TO DEAD WORLDS-- BLACK / NAAGUE WORLDS--



-- WHAT HAD THEY BROUGHT BACK BESIDES ART AND INVENTIONS?



SUPPOSE THE DOOR OPENED AND IN WALKED GENE TRIMBLE? IT COULD HAPPEN. SOME OTHER ME MIGHT HAVE DECIDED TO TAKE A SHORT TRIP-- HERE.

DAMN, THE LAW OF AVERAGES IS A TRAP-- IF EVERY DECISION IS GOING TO BE MADE BOTH WAYS, WHY MAKE A DECISION AT ALL?

AN HONEST CITIZEN, STROLLING DOWN A STREET, SEES A PRETTY GIRL. SHE HAS NICE LEGS, NICE NIPS, NICE... WHY NOT?



THAT GUN TOO, IS ENDLESS. SOME DIRTY, SOME CLEAN, SOME LOADED, SOME POINTED AT GENE TRIMBLE. MANY TRIMBLES, SOME BLEEDING, SOME ALREADY DEAD.

HE POINTED THE GUN AWAY FROM HIMSELF. HE FELT THE HANDLE.



CASUAL MURDER. CASUAL SUICIDE. CASUAL CRIME. WHY NOT? IF ALTERNATE UNIVERSES ARE A REALITY, THEN CAUSE AND EFFECT ARE AN ILLUSION! YOU CAN DO ANYTHING, AND ONE OF YOU WILL, OR DID.

HE LOADED THE GUN.



WELL, WHY NOT?...

GENE TRIMBLE LOOKED AT THE CLEANED AND LOADED GUN ON HIS DESK-- WELL, WHY NOT? AND HE RAN FROM HIS OFFICE, SHOUTING THE ANSWER... AND HE STOOD UP SLOWLY, LEFT THE OFFICE, SHAKING HIS HEAD.

IN ONE OF THE
MYRIAD
UNIVERSES...



AND HE PICKED THE
GUN UP, PUT IT TO
HIS HEAD...

IN ANOTHER OF
THE MYRIAD
UNIVERSES...



AND HE REACHED
FOR THE INTERCOM
TO ORDER...

IN ONE...



AND HE FIRED THE
GUN JERKED AND
BLASTED A HOLE
IN THE CEILING...

IN ANOTHER...



AND HE SUDDENLY
LAUGHED AND
STOOD UP, AND
WALKED AWAY...

AND ANOTHER...



AND HE FIRED THE
BULLET TOOK OFF THE
TOP OF HIS HEAD.



...A HORROR-MOOD LURKS HERE...

NIGHTMARE

This is the
EVIL LUNATIC
THING
OF THE
PRINCESS
OF EARTH!



...THIS IS THE
ASTONISHING
MAD-
EMOTIONAL
THROAT-
CHOKING
FAT-ONE
THAT'S
COMIN' UP
NEXT...

STEE HEE
WONDERING WHERE YOUR HEAD IS?
HEH HEH I'M WONDERIN' WHERE MY BODY IS!...
HEH HEH HEH HEH



MR. POOK
ED

...IT DOESN'T MUCH
MATTER I GUESS... I'LL
GET EVERYTHIN' ALL
TOGETHER BY THE TIME
IT'S TIME TO APPEAR IN
NIGHTMARE # 10
HEH HEH THAT'S THE
BLOATED FAT-ONE
CHOKES WHERE-IN WE'LL
FEATURE **SAD BASIL**
WOLVERTON...RABID
RAMON TORRENTS...
WEIRD WAYNE HOWARD...
EMOTIONALLY-DISTURBED
ED FEDORY... DYING DOUG
MOENCH... GROTESQUE GARY
FRIEDRICH... DROWNING DENNIS FUJITAKE...
BRAIN-EATING BERNI WRIGHTSON IN OUR
FROGS MOVIE REVIEW... AND ARCHAIC AL
SLIDIN' INTO YOUR MIND WITH THE
CRACKED COVER STORY: THIS IS THE
EVIL LUNATIC THING OF THE
PRINCESS OF EARTH... CHOKES

HEH HEH DON'T DARE MISS IT... IF YOU DO
CHOKES YOUR MIND WILL BLOW A
GASKET. OOH OOH STEE HEE GASP
...AND THAT WOULD BE **AWFUL...**



DOWN INTO THIS SLITHER-SLIME MOOD.
THIS ARCHaic, LIVING

HORROR-MOOD

WHERE THINGS LIVE AND DIE THAT
HAVE NO NAMES--NO FACES--
ONLY TALES TO TELL.

...OF ABOMINATIONS UNFORMED.
...OF ACONES UNHEARD
...OF FORTENTS ABSTRACT (UNREAL
UNIMPORTANT).

WHERE UNWATERABLE BEASTS AND
FENS A SILE AND WITHINS HORRID
TWAY READ THESE SERVE
WHICH HORRORS UNCOUNTED COLLECT
AND COMPOUND A COMPOST IN A NODS
OF RHYME AND REASON
WHILE SENSE ELDER THINGS ORNGL
AND CHOKS UPWAYS AND STYLES LONG
FORGOTTEN, IGNORED
AND YALL OF OTHER PLACES MUCH
LIKE THE LESS-HEEDED--LESS HORRID
PERHAPS LESS LUGLY

WHY FINEY COME INTO THE SLITHER-SLIME
PLACE NO ONE CARES, LEAST OF ALL US,
FOR WE COME ONLY TO KNOCKY AND
INTERGRATE OUR MUDDY, WAD WINDS
INTO ANASTONISHING, DELIGHTFUL
EXPERIENCE

THE
HORROR-MOOD!